

AGED MONEY LENDER LEFT HIS FORTUNE TO CHURCH.

Wilson W. Dunlap's Will Charged His Sister to Devote Thousands to the Perpetuation of His Evangelistic Work Among the Jews.

Not until his will was filed was it made public that Wilson W. Dunlap, evangelist and money lender, who spent much of his life in an effort to evangelize the Jews, had died two weeks ago at his home and main office, No. 301 West Twenty-first street.

Although the will as filed only mentions a sum of \$5,000, it is believed that the man who was a familiar figure in the streets, both because of his odd appearance and his crusades, left a large fortune. It was said at one time that his income was \$60,000 a year.

The testator's sister, Mrs. Rose E. Shedd, is the sole heir and executrix of the estate.

The greatest secrecy was observed to-day in the apartments which Dunlap used as an office and a home. Those who were in the office refused for some reason even to admit that the "ossified man," as he was known, was dead. It was said by others in the house, however, that on the morning following the night of his death, May 26, the body was shipped to his home in Philadelphia.

In a long exhortation addressed to his property for the spread of the true knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, giving special prominence and emphasis to the most important truth and the greatest future event, namely, the second coming of the Lord in accordance with God's own plan, "To the Jew first, then to the Gentile."

An Invalid for Years.

Dunlap's life was full of strange contradictions. He had been for years a confirmed invalid from paralysis and could not move as he was wheeled about the streets in his chair or in his gospel wagon, from which he distributed tracts and small Bibles. His form was spare and bony and his parchment-like skin was bloodless.

While distributing his tracts about the city, it was said, he was making large sums of money on loans to salaried employees. He had been in the same business in Philadelphia before coming here, and on one occasion, in 1894, when arrested in that city, there were present against him seventy cases in which he was accused of exacting usurious interest.



WILSON W. DUNLAP.

It was then shown that for \$25 loaned he had exacted \$48.75, for \$100 loaned \$175, and so on. His brother was arrested with him at the same time and both spent some time in prison. Later they were released and the cases were settled by them in various ways.

In 1899, while still residents of Philadelphia, the Dunlaps were arrested on the charge of running an illegal employment agency, but the affair was compromised. It was about this time that the invalid brother began his crusade against Judaism.

Not long after he came to New York and established an office at the West Twenty-first street address. He advertised that loans would be given on salaries and he did a rushing business.

Several firms learned that their employees had borrowed money from him and the courts were appealed to stop the mortgaging of salaries. From that time on Dunlap was frequently before the courts.

The crusade against the Jews which was begun in Philadelphia was resumed here, and for a time was the cause of much trouble on the lower East Side. Dunlap was drawn through the streets, and while his attendants gave out religious books, they were pelted from all sides with brick bats and decaying vegetables.

Several times Dunlap caused the arrest of his assailants, but they were never punished severely by the police courts. Finally Mayor Van Wyck was appealed to, but the Mayor sharply arraigned the crusader and told him that he would not tolerate attacks on any man's religion in the public streets. Notwithstanding this, the "Gospel Wagon" continued to be drawn through the East Side and met with the usual fiasco.

Three women always accompanied Dunlap on his religious tours, and one of them, a negro, frequently proved herself an Amazon in warding off the attacks of assailants.

Following a fire, which had smoldered long before being discovered, there was a wild panic this morning in the crowded tenement of No. 122 Ludlow street, in the tenement there were twenty-six families and they, with their boarders, numbered 300 in all. All were asleep when the blaze started.

The fire was in the basement in the rear of the tenement. The smoke had filled the hallway before there was any sign of it from the outside, and it was not discovered until a man who had been sleeping in the rear of an Essex street house noticed that something was wrong and sent up a warning cry.

The tenants of the Essex street place thought that their own building was ablaze, and tumbled over each other in their dash for the street. While this commotion was going on those of the Ludlow street tenement still slept.

When they were awakened at last there was a scurry for the fire-escapes, and in their attempts to reach the street many were trampled on. Scores of young children were carried out by their elders, who then made frantic efforts from the building.

The exit from the tenement had been blocked by a fire escape, and a few passers-by, but as there was no smoke in sight it was thought that some great crime had been committed. The cry of "murderers" and "thieves" was set up and soon the whole block was packed with an excited crowd.

The police then came and sent in a fire alarm, and after a little work began to clear some kind of order. The fire itself was small. It did not get beyond the basement and did about \$200 damage.

"A FULL PURSE NEVER LACKS FRIENDS." The advertiser who recognizes the value of Sunday World Wants never lacks a full purse.

Robert Fulton Cutting's young son, who was a classmate of young Teddy Roosevelt at the Groton school, until both youngsters had to "lay off" on account of an engagement with pneumonia, has qualified as an expert on the difference between Roman candles and giant firecrackers. He will also get along with a couple of abbreviated fingers as a result of his experiment with a big cracker which he mistook for a candle.

Little Cutting held the cracker in his hand, in a Groton celebration, burning his hand severely. When it exploded it took away the tips of two fingers. His father was summoned from New York, and it is understood the boy's plea that he has earned an extra vacation has been allowed.

BOY LEADER TELLS HOW HE MANAGES MESSENGER STRIKE

Establishes Picket Lines as Well as Men Who Have Taken Lessons from Debs or President Mitchell.

Murty McGrath (he pronounces it Mc-Graw) is a leader among boys. He is the walking delegate in charge of the strike of the messenger boys attached to the main office of the Postal Telegraph Company, and to see him manage the picket lines and consult with deputy and assistant managers of the strike one would believe that he had learned the business from such old hands as Samuel Gompers, Eugene Debs or President Mitchell.

"That's what the whole fight is about," said Murty, who is fifteen years old and who lives with his mother and two older sisters at No. 139 Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn. "They were working us too hard and we stopped the game. And we won't let any others go to work if we can help it."

Murty never went to school, so he recites the troubles of the messenger boy for The Evening World in a manner entirely his own.

BY MURTY M'GRATH.
"Walking Delegate of the Messenger Boys."

I split one lad in because he was going out of the Postal office with two telegrams when, according to us, he should have taken at least ten. I asked him to take the telegrams back and when he wouldn't I passed him one. That's what the whole fight is about. The boss wants us to make too many trips and we won't do it.

So, when we decided to strike there wasn't any head boy and I took charge and stationed the pickets out around the building so that no messenger could get by them without being stopped. Well, we've stopped so many of them that those who didn't join us didn't want to deliver any more messages. These pickets I call my entertainment committee. They supply all the entertainment wanted by the kids who want to work like slaves.

HUNDREDS IN PANIC AT TENEMENT FIRE

Ludlow and Essex Street Dwellers Are Aroused by Blaze in the Early Morning Amid Great Excitement.

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MURTY M'GRATH.

I have been pretty busy getting around to see all the pickets, and it's no little work keeping them in line. Some rich guy came around about 11 o'clock and gave each of us a dime to get something to eat so's we wouldn't have to go home to eat, and taking all things together we have been getting along nicely.

I've been surprised the company hasn't sent for us yet, but I guess they will some time before long, as they can't get any more telegrams. We've been working for the company over a year now and they expect me to work overtime nearly every night now since they got to giving us only a couple of telegrams at a time to deliver. We'll win this fight sure. Everybody says we're in the right and Johnny Daly's mother told him he needn't come home until he'd won out, so you see we've got to win.

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WEALTHY MRS. BUTTERFIELD IS MRS. MUMFORD NOW.

Well Known Lawyer, Whose First Wife Obtained Divorce Last Year, Is Quietly Wedded.

George Dana Mumford has taken to himself a new wife in the person of the wealthy Mrs. Claire Drake Butterfield. It is announced today. The happy couple are away on a wedding journey, and the announcement of the marriage was made by friends of the lawyer and his bride.

The wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Messiah last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage being assisted by Rev. Dr. Clay MacCauley. There was no attempt at secrecy, but no marriage notice was published.

Mrs. Mumford is the widow of Theodore Butterfield, late of Rochester. Mr. Mumford's first wife, to whom he was married in 1894, was Miss Ethel Dickson, sister of the magazine writer and author of the novel, "Japes." Incompatibility of temperament resulted in a separation, and last October she secured a divorce in California, alleging desertion. Mr. Mumford did not oppose the action. His engagement to Mrs. Butterfield was announced last month.

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MRS. CLAIRE MUMFORD.

THIEF IDENTIFIED AT HEADQUARTERS.

Max Strauss Is Recognized, Even with His Mustache Removed—Has a Long Record and Many Aliases.

Jacob Dick today identified at Police Headquarters a man who he says entered his apartment two nights ago and by threatening him with a revolver looted the place before his eyes.

The accused man is Max Strauss, alias Schwartz, alias Schmidt, well known to the police as the holder of a criminal record. He has served five terms in prison.

Mr. Dick was asleep at his home, No. 55 East Third street, when he was awakened by a slight noise. It was the clicking of a revolver hammer that was cocked as the muzzle pressed against his head. Dick lay very quiet after that, the burglar persuading him by talking of blowing off his head. The thief wore no mask, and Dick studied the fellow's face while he saw his own jewelry and valuables go into the man's pockets.

When the man left by means of the fire-escape Dick ran to the street. He and two policemen chased the thief over several fences, but his man got away. This morning Detectives Kieker and Quacken caught Strauss, who answered the description of the man wanted, except that he did not have the mustache which Dick quickly identified him without it.

The body of an unidentified man was found in the North River, off pier 57, this morning. The man was about fifty years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, 130 pounds, sandy hair and mustache, dressed in a sack suit with gray pants